

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

VOLUME II. NO. 47.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 99

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

HALLOCK & LYON, PUBLISHERS.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, NO. 3 ASTOR HOUSE, BARCLAY-STREET.

THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF WM. PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

The name, the brilliant talents, and the wide-spread fame of Wm. Pitt, one of England's most eminent statesmen, are known to all readers, to every schoolboy throughout the civilized world. That one with an intellect so clear and penetrating, a mind so comprehensive, and a judgment so sound, should become disgusted with the popular doctrines, creeds, and formularies, is a fact which should have great weight on the reflecting portion of those who still adhere to them. Nor was Pitt by any means alone among learned and profound scholars and statesmen, in his religious views. A large proportion of the most eminent men—men who have been distinguished for their learning, philanthropy, and patriotism—whose names shine brightest in England's history, and in the history of our own America—utterly repudiated the religious sentiments that form the distinguishing features of those churches which claim to be exclusively evangelical. These doctrines present views of the Deity, his works, his designs, his beneficence, so dark and limited, that those who possess enlarged minds and hearts, cannot be satisfied to receive them as correct representations of the God and Father of the spirits of all flesh. The Earl of Chatham, having received a letter from certain friends asking his opinion on religious matters, wrote the following reply. I find it in the *Star* in the West. Although there are some points in which I should disagree with the writer, yet as a whole, it gives so just a description of the absurdities and the evil tendencies of the fashionable religion of the present and many past ages, that its publication cannot but be of much service.

J. M. A.

"Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world."

GENTLEMEN: Whoever takes a view of the world will find, that what the greatest part of mankind have agreed to call religion, has been some outward exercise, esteemed sufficient to work a reconciliation with God. It has moved them to build temples, flay victims, offer up sacrifices, to fast and feast, to petition and thank, to laugh and cry, to sing and sigh, by turns; but it has not yet been found sufficient to make them break off an ar-

mor, to make restitution of ill-gotten wealth, or to bring the passions and appetites to a reasonable subjection. Differ as much as they may in opinion, concerning what they ought to believe, or after what manner they ought to serve God, as they call it, yet they all agree in satisfying their appetites. The same passions reign eternally in all countries and in all ages, Jew and Mahometan, the Christian, the Pagan, the Tartar and the Indian, all kinds of men, who differ in almost everything else, universally agree with regard to their passions; if there be any difference among them it is this, that the more superstition the more vicious they always are, and the more they believe the less they practise. This is a melancholy consideration to a good mind; it is a truth, and certainly above all things worth our while to inquire into. We will, therefore, probe the wound, and search to the bottom; we will lay the axe at the root of the tree, and show you the true reason why men go on in sinning and repenting, and sinning again through the whole course of their lives; and the reason is, because they have been taught, most wickedly taught, that religion and virtue are two things absolutely distinct; that the deficiency of the one might be supplied by the sufficiency of the other; and that what you want in virtue you must make up in religion.

But this religion, so dishonorable to God, and so pernicious to men, is worse than atheism; for atheism, though it takes away one great motive to support virtue in distress, yet it furnishes no man with arguments to be vicious; but superstition, or what the world means by religion, is the greatest possible encouragement to vice, by setting up something which shall atone and commute for the want of virtue. This is establishing iniquity by a law, the highest law; by authority, the highest authority, that of God himself. *We complain of the vices of the world, and of the wickedness of men, without searching into the true cause.* It is not because they are wicked by nature, for that is both false and impious; but because to serve the purposes of their pretended soul-savers, they have been carefully taught that they are wicked by nature, and cannot help continuing so. It would have been impossible for men to have been both religious and vicious, had religion been made to consist wherein alone it does consist; and had they always been taught that true religion is in the practice of virtue, in obedience to the will of God, who presides over all things, and will finally make every man happy who does his duty.

This single opinion in religion, that all things are so well made by the Deity, that virtue is its own reward, and that happiness will ever arise from acting according to the reason of things; or that God, ever wise and good, will provide some extraordinary happiness for those who suffer for virtue's sake, is enough to support a man under all difficulties, to keep him steady to his duty, and enable him to stand as firm as a rock, amidst all the charms of applause, profit and honor.

But this religion of reason, which all men are capable of, has been neglected and condemned, and another set up, the natural consequences of which have puzzled men's understandings, and debauched their morals, more than all the lewd poets and atheistical philosophers that

ever infested the world; for instead of being taught that religion consists in action, in obedience to the eternal moral law of God, we have been most gravely and veneratedly told, that it consists in the belief of certain opinions which we could form no idea of, or which were contrary to the clear perceptions of our minds, or which had no tendency to make us either wiser or better, or, which is much worse, had a manifest tendency to make us wicked and immoral. And this belief, this impious belief, arising from imposition on one side, and from want of examination on the other, has been called by the sacred name of religion, whereas real and genuine religion consists in knowledge and obedience. We know there is a God, and know his will, which is, that we should do all the good we can; and we are assured from His perfections, that we shall find our own good in so doing.

And what would we have more? Are we, after such inquiry, and in an age full of liberty, children still? And cannot we be quiet unless we have holy romances, sacred fables, and traditionary tales to amuse us in an idle hour, and to give rest to our souls, when our follies and vices will not suffer us to rest? You have been taught, indeed, that right belief, or orthodoxy, will, like charity, cover a multitude of sins; but be not deceived; belief of, or mere assent to the truth of propositions upon evidence is not a virtue, nor unbelief a vice; faith is not a voluntary act, does not depend upon the will; every man must believe or disbelieve, according as the evidence appears to him. If therefore, men, however dignified or distinguished, command us to believe, they are guilty of the highest folly and absurdity, because it is out of our power; but if they command us to believe, and annex rewards to belief, and severe penalties to unbelief, then they are most wicked and immoral, because they annex rewards and punishments to what is involuntary, and therefore neither rewardable nor punishable.

It appears, then, very plainly, unreasonable and unjust to command us to believe any doctrine, good or bad, wise or unwise; but, when they command us to believe opinions which have no tendency to promote virtue, but which are allowed to commute or atone for the want of it, then they have arrived at the utmost pitch of impiety, then is their iniquity full, then have they finished the misery, and completed the destruction of poor mortal man, by betraying the interest of virtue, they have undermined and sapped the foundation of all human happiness; and how treacherously and dreadfully have they betrayed it?

A gift, well applied, the chattering of some unintelligible sounds called creeds; an unfeigned assent and consent to whatever the Church enjoins; religious worship and consecrated feasts; repenting on a death-bed; pardons rightly sued out; and absolution authoritatively given, have done more towards making and continuing men vicious, than all the natural passions and infidelity put together; for infidelity can only take away the supernatural rewards of virtue; but these superstitious opinions and practices, have not only turned the scene, and made men lose sight of the natural rewards of it, but have induced them to think, that were there no hereafter, vice would be preferable to virtue, and that they increase in happiness as they increase in wickedness; and this they have been taught in several religious discourses and sermons, delivered by men whose authority was never doubted, particularly by a late Rev. prelate, I mean Bishop Otterbury in his sermon on these words, "If in this life only we have hope, then we are of all men most miserable," where vices and faith ride most lovingly and triumphantly together.

But these doctrines of the natural excellency of vice, the efficacy of a right belief, the dignity of atonements and propitiations, have besides depriving us of the native beauty and charms of honesty, and thus cruelly stabbing

virtue to the heart, raised and diffused among men a certain unnatural passion which we shall call religious hatred; a hatred constant, deep-rooted, and immortal. All passions rise and fall, die and revive again, but this of religious and pious hatred rises and grows every day stronger upon the mind as we grow more religious, because we hate for God's sake, and for the sake of those poor souls too, who have the misfortune not to believe as we do; and can we in so good a cause hate too much? the more thoroughly we hate, the better we are; and the more mischief we do to the bodies and states of these infidels and heretics, the more do we show our love to God.

This is religious zeal, and has been called divinity; but remember, the only divinity is humanity.

Yours,

WILLIAM PITT.

LETTERS FROM REV. T. CLAPP.—NO. III.

New Orleans, Aug. 28, 1849.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

DEAR SIR:—In one of your late communications, the readers of the Register are assured, that you would be pleased to engage in a discussion with the undersigned, on the scriptural argument for the final happiness of all mankind in the eternal world. I frankly confess that it is not in my power to suggest any thoughts or reasoning concerning this great subject which would be new and interesting to the liberal and enlightened Christians of New England. I cannot utter a word either to elucidate or strengthen the conclusive argument for the ultimate salvation of the human race, which is presented in the 3d chapter of the Plain Guide to Universalism, by Rev. Thomas Whittemore, and other eminent writers belonging to the same denomination.

Moreover, the principles on which my belief in the eventual happiness of all men is founded, are inculcated with superior force and eloquence in the discourses of Dr. Channing, and Unitarian authors generally. They assure us that in the New Testament, the high and holy One, who inhabiteth eternity, has condescended to reveal himself as our infinite Father. They also insist upon the position, that the Parental character of God is a pledge that the eternal destinies of all the children of men will be shaped and determined by the counsels and dispensations of infinite love. Now is it not impossible to maintain these views of God, without maintaining, at the same time, the ultimate glory and exaltation of *all his children*. It is certain that the wise and omnipotent Parent, will not permit any of his intelligent offspring to sink in endless ruin and moral desolation, if it be within the limits of His power to counteract a calamity so unspeakably awful. Or, in other words, the moral perfection of God as defined by Jesus, makes it absolutely certain that He will save all mankind if He can do it. This proposition is, I trust, indisputable.

I presume you do not concur with our Methodist brethren in maintaining the doctrine that even the Almighty Father cannot save all men without their consent. "By virtue of our free agency," they tell us, "in spite of all which the divine goodness can do to the contrary, we have power to rush onward in that career of transgression which leads to the world of eternal suffering." (See Wesley and Fletcher on this subject.) "The Creator," they allege, "could not keep all men from going to hell without violating and destroying their moral freedom." How do they know this? What arguments can be adduced in support of the sentiment that the infidelity of the human heart is, in some particular cases, an enemy which omnipotent grace itself cannot overcome? Mr. Wesley says that if God were to compel a man to be good, this man would become a mere machine, impelled only by external force, and cease to be an accountable

being. "Such an inconsistency cannot be ascribed to the all perfect Creator." But I say, in reply, it is certainly within the power of the Supreme to bring to bear upon the mind of the most rebellious sinner those persuasive influences of truth, motive, and the Holy Spirit, which may be necessary to induce him cordially to submit to the divine government. It is correct to say that the Father is able to persuade the most depraved and refractory of his children to renounce corruption and obey the laws of virtue. Such persuasion is perfectly consistent with the moral faculties of man. Is it reasonable to suppose that the Creator cannot so wield the truth and govern the world as to cause every human being to act in subservience to the accomplishment of his eternal purposes? Let the declarations of the inspired volume answer this question. "He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will."

Does the human mind contain a principle of overmatch for the wisdom and strength of its Creator? Cannot that Omnipotence, who formed and keeps afloat the innumerable worlds that roll through fields of space, direct as he chooses, the mysterious, wonderful powers of knowledge and moral action, with which finite intelligences are endowed? Verily, God can control free agency, in entire harmony with his perfections, and the laws of the spiritual universe, as easily as he can determine the movements of a straw or a feather. But if he has the power so to overrule the freedom of man as to make it ultimately a blessing to all, his infinite goodness is a sure pledge that the reconciliation of the whole human family to God will in due time, be completely achieved. This argument appears to me simple, beautiful, and absolutely conclusive. So then this single passage, "*When ye pray, say our Father, who art in heaven,*" furnishes to my mind incontrovertible evidence that God has determined, or will have all men finally come to the knowledge of the truth, in order to be saved. If God is the Father of mankind, as Jesus affirms, is he not under infinite obligations to take care of the immortal children whom he has called into existence, and to raise them to the highest degree of virtue and happiness of which they are capable.

Blessed truth! Our Father is seated on the throne of Universal Empire. Nothing can happen beyond his anticipations. No events can exist, or vanish—no beings can be virtuous or depraved without his permission. Nothing can operate so as to disappoint or vary his eternal, unchanging purposes. God has no antagonist. Throughout the unlimitable tracts of immensity, and the coming vast of endless ages, he beholds everything as to time, place, nature and results, moving on in exact accordance with that perfect, beauteous plan of creation which has existed forever in the unsearchable and boundless mind. We may rest assured, therefore, that the law of everlasting progress and development embraces every human being. If God can prevent his children from going down to utter ruin, even justice imperatively demands their salvation. *A just God* must take care of every being on whom is stamped the glorious image of his Divinity. Yes—justice calls for the final redemption and sanctification of the most abandoned sinner on earth. Infinite justice renders it certain that he will one day be renovated and introduced with joy unutterable to the brilliant scenes of an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away.

Very truly and affectionately yours, &c. T. CLAPP.

Love too generally ends where it should begin. Men often love themselves most, their neighbor less, and their CREATOR least.

Original.

A PIC-NIC.

The Sabbath Schools connected with the Universalist Societies of Dexter and Watertown, N. Y., enjoyed one of the finest of excursions and Pic-Nics, on the 1st inst. The day was charmingly beautiful. A light, pleasant breeze rendered it just such a day as every one would wish. The grove selected for the occasion was near the junction of the Watertown, Sackett's Harbor, and Dexter Plank Roads—a most delightful spot. The school from Dexter arrived at the grove about 11 o'clock. About half an hour afterwards, the rumbling of carriages upon the plank road, told that something was "to pay" more than common. In a few moments the line of coaches and wagons, with the Watertown school and friends, appeared, the occupants in high glee, displaying their flags,—which, in the absence of better ones, consisted of handkerchiefs tied to umbrella and parasol staffs. Soon the grove was echoing and re-echoing with the sound of happy voices; and if all did not enjoy the scene, it is because there is no music in their souls. For one, with philoprogenitiveness as largely developed as it is in my own cranium, it was a highly interesting scene,—so many "happy, smiling faces," and such native melodies. While the flock of little ones was frolicking amid the green-wood bower, the tables were erected, and oh! such a display of the good things; it would have made an epicure dance for joy! After a prayer by Br. Abbott there was, somehow, as if by universal consent, a great stir among the eatables. The cloth being removed, the happy voices were joined in singing, after which speaking commenced. L. Ingalls, Esq., superintendent of the Waterloo school, commenced, and was followed by Mrs. L. Rice, J. H. Stewart, and C. A. Skinner. Between 3 and 4 o'clock the company left the grove, and part of them proceeded to Sackett's Harbor, where they visited Madison barracks. Having seen the "big guns," the excursion was thought incomplete until we had enjoyed a sail upon the Bay. Accordingly a commodious sail vessel was engaged. Favored by a fine breeze we were soon bounding o'er the wave, while "I'm afloat, I'm afloat," rang out over the "waste of waters." Having enjoyed a short but pleasant trip, all returned to the carriages, and were soon on the way towards "sweet home," where we arrived, no accident having occurred to mar the general joy of the day.

Amid the happiness and joy of the occasion, the poor and afflicted were not forgotten. An unfortunate family were supplied with a basket full of the good things that loaded the tables, and the "thank you" that was returned made every heart feel that God blesses the "cheerful giver."

May it be our lot to enjoy many such "pleasant meetings here, and when the scenes of earth shall have closed, be permitted to meet the glorious throng of a redeemed world, in our Father's house above.

C. A. S.

Dexter, Sept., 1849.

Original.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

DEAR HALLOCK:—Last Friday morning I started from the beautiful city of Newark, N. J., about 10 o'clock; reached Philadelphia in four hours; wandered a while around that neat but monotonous town; took passage on a steamboat down the Delaware, and found myself comfortably in bed at Barnum's hotel, in this city, a little before midnight. The first thing that attracted my attention, the next morning, was "Battle Monument," located on "Monument Square," in front of the hotel. Upon a square base or socle, rests a pedestal, ornament-

ed on each corner with a beautifully carved griffin, from which, in the centre rises a fascial column. On the bands encircling this column are inscribed the names of those who fell in defense of Baltimore, in 1814, in whose honor it was erected. A superb statue, representing the genius of the city, holding a laurel or triumphal crown in her right hand, and an antique helm in her left, emblematic of commerce, having an eagle, bomb-shell, &c., at her side, surmounts the column. The monument is of white marble, and surrounded by a fascial railing. The design is from Godefroy, and the statuary is from the chisel of Capellano, an Italian artist. Most of the day was spent with the friends and in walking about the town.

I went to the church an hour before the time for service, in order to visit the Sabbath school, at the invitation of the worthy, devoted, and active Superintendent, Br. J. L. Camp. The school numbers nearly one hundred and fifty, and so far from being a burden to the Society, it makes an annual contribution of more than one hundred dollars from the profits of excursions, exhibitions, &c. My audience was large, and very respectable in appearance. Their church is by far the largest and most elegant one I have yet seen in the denomination. The society is very large, and, I should judge, in a prosperous condition. There are many here, as elsewhere, who are believers, yet will not identify themselves with the cause from considerations of pride, interest, or obstinacy. This class of men are severely described by Dante in his "Inferno." He saw them on a "dark plain," that goes round the confines of the place of misery, "mingled with that abject choir of angels who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God; *but were for themselves*. Heaven chased them forth to keep its beauty from impair; and the deep hell receives them not, for the wicked would have some glory over them."

In the afternoon I went to the great cathedral, a noble edifice, built of granite in the form of a cross. It has a large dome, and, when completed, will cost three hundred thousand dollars. The music was solemn, and really artistic. One of the female voices was the finest that I have listened to, since I heard Julia Northal, in Grace Church. I was really reminded of Madame Bishop in "Linda Chamouni," Tedesco in "Norma," or Truffi in "Ernani," at the Italian Opera. I pity one who can attend the Catholic church without emotion. Nowhere have I seen men exhibit deeper, more solemn reverence. Many of their forms are senseless, but my chief objection is to their repulsive conservatism. In the Catholic worship, the feelings are moved, but the intellect is not reached; hence their superstition. I do not object to the decorations of the temple, nor to the deep organ peals. God himself has decorated the great temple of nature, sowing the sea with pearls and coral, adorning the earth with foliage and flowers, gemming the bending heavens with myriads of stars, painting the clouds of morning and evening with gold and crimson, while through all is heard the solemn music of the spheres; for every circling orb doth sing,

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

If may be, let the house of worship be a miniature representative of the great temple of nature.

In the evening, I went to hear Mr. Burnap at the Unitarian Church. He is a most excellent man, well educated, a fine writer, but not a popular speaker. The church is a chaste, spacious building, with a large dome; the cost of which, together with a large organ, was one hundred thousand dollars.

Monday morning I climbed the great monument raised in honor of the memory of Washington. It is located at the intersection of two public squares, on the highest hill in the city, one hundred and fifty feet above tide. From the top of it is a panoramic view only equalled in

this country by that from Bunker Hill Monument. It has been built thirty years, or a little longer, and consists of a base fifty feet square and twenty-four feet high, surmounted by a column. The whole, including the statue, is one hundred and eighty feet. It is enclosed by an iron railing, six feet high, which rests on a white marble coping, fifteen inches in height and three hundred and twenty feet in circumference. The enclosure is flagged with white marble. The outer circle is of granite, three hundred and eighty-two feet in circumference, ten feet wide, and flagged with a silver-grey stone. There are twelve steps to the main entrance, and over each of the four doors is the inscription, "To George Washington, by the State of Maryland." On each side of the base are the inscriptions: On the south, "Born 22d of February, 1732. Died 14th December, 1799; on the east, "Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, 15th June, 1775. Commission resigned at Annapolis, 23d December, 1783;" on the north, "Trenton, 25th December, 1776. Yorktown, 19th October, 1781; on the west, "President of the United States, 4th March, 1789. Retired to Mount Vernon, 4th March, 1797."

The first thing that strikes one's eye on entering, is a colossal bust of Washington, which was taken while he was young. The statue on the summit, representing the "Father of his Country" resigning his commission, is sixteen feet high, weighs sixteen tons, and cost nine thousand dollars. The whole monument, including the statue, cost two hundred thousand dollars.

Baltimore is a neat, gay, beautiful city. The people in the streets do not seem to have that care-worn look, we find in New York and in the New England cities. I have not seen a drunken man since my arrival. Those who are travelling from the north, will find it much the pleasantest route to take the steamboat down the Delaware. Yours most truly,

Baltimore, Sept. 4th, 1849.

O. W. W.

SPIRITUAL TEMPLES.

It is frequent in the Scriptures to use figurative expressions to convey to the mind a more correct and forcible impression. The senses are enlisted by introducing some object with which we are perfectly familiar, and thus, through their medium, leading us to a more experimental acquaintance with the truth proposed. The beauty of that system of salvation as revealed to man by the Savior, is compared by the Apostle Paul to a temple. The foundation is laid in that promise which God has declared through the Prophets and Apostles, and Jesus Christ is called "the chief corner stone." The "whole building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple of the Lord." This image is very appropriately used to mark the strength and symmetry of the spiritual building. Every portion is so nicely adjusted, that it answers as perfectly as the seal does to the impression it has made. For example, if it was declared in ancient promise that in Christ "all the nations and families of the earth should be blessed," then it was fitting and suitable that Christ should be called "the Savior of the world." To make Christ the Savior of a few while he was declared to be for "salvation to the uttermost ends of the earth," would be a deformity in this spiritual temple. Again, if the promise was made that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," it was fitting that he should "destroy the devil and his works." In short, that the joints of the spiritual edifice might fit, it was necessary that no promise that was made in reference to the Messiah should fail of its full and perfect accomplishment.

While such is the character of this "holy temple of the Lord," we will look at some buildings of a more modern date, pretending to be temples of the living God, and see how they are put together.

There is a monstrous edifice that was erected about four centuries ago, by a celebrated builder, one John Calvin, and his craftsmen. This building has many who worship in it, and the chief architect is looked upon as having been an expert workman. But it is only of late years that it has been critically examined, and it is found to have been put together in a very loose manner, and is sadly out of joint. We shall examine some of its component parts and see wherein the work does not fit. John commenced his building in laying his chief corner stone in the decrees of the Almighty. He argued that God, as a being of infinite wisdom, foresaw from all eternity the ultimate destiny of every being to whom he had given existence. He contended that in this result he could not possibly be mistaken. Whatever, then, the final destiny of man might be, it was precisely that which the eternal God intended that it should be. Again, he contended that the number was determinate, so that none could be added or subtracted. So far, his views were consistent, and it is but justice to his memory to say that he pursued his system much further without crossing his track. Hence he very properly contended that these purposes were *unconditional*, and that no creature act could alter or set aside the Divine purpose. When John came to touch on the character, mission and extent of the atonement through the Savior, he remained true to his first principles. He contended that in the declaration that Christ died for all, we must understand *all the elect*. When it is said that Christ is "the Savior of the world," it is to be understood the world of the elect. In view of this, John very consistently preached the damnation of infants, the offspring of non-elect parents. And why not? Works had nothing to do with salvation, and certainly as to the mercy exhibited, there was no more cruelty in roasting a non-elect child than a non-elect man. Thus far, John acted consistently with his own premises. The great defect in this spiritual edifice was its deformity. Instead of constructing a beautiful temple "whose walls should be for salvation, and her gates for praise," John had been to work upon a prison house. In one sense, the work was substantial, and those who were once in, had no chance of getting out.

But it was necessary for the credit of his system, that John should offer some *reason* for committing these unfortunate men to his prison house, and that puzzled him. He foresaw that he must make some *bungling* work, and so he goes as far back as possible to find an apology for their commitment, thinking the further the object, the less liability for detection. At the time John undertook the contract for building this temple, the old building which had been erected by some persons from Italy, called Romans, was fast falling to decay, and proposals had been out for some time to get a better temple. The conditions in the contract were, that it should be "fitly joined together." John, as we observed, was much perplexed to find a stone to fill up that chasm—why man became subject to this condemnation, and if one was subject, why not all? John goes back as far as Adam, (he could not well go farther,) and declares that all "mankind, by the sin of Adam, became liable to death, and to all the pains of hell, forever." This was an unlucky material for John to put into his spiritual temple. He never could make this agree with his former article, that God had eternally decreed the felicity of the elect. For certainly if their salvation was eternally decreed, they could not be *liable* to condemnation. He might as well have argued that a man was liable to be drowned when he had been born to be hung. John's temple was uncomely enough before, but it was solid; this fissure ruined the contract. There was a huge breach in the wall. After John had made this mistake, he went on from blunder to blunder, exhorting "to work out our own salvation," to "be up

and doing," to "get religion and a change of heart," and a variety of other exhortations, which were absurd in the principles on which he had started. In short, instead of a building fitly framed together, it looked in places like a *corn-crib*. Many of his followers have tried to fasten up these holes, but it is labor in vain. They will have to leave the old mansion and build another.

About the time in which John Calvin had finished his temple and passed off the stage of being, there was a man by the name of James Arminius, and he tried his hand at building. He was a good, honest Dutchman, and did not like his lodgings in Calvin's house. He thought that he could erect a temple that should at least have the merit of a more pleasant and comely aspect. James took this ground—that God had created all men free, and that as they used or abused this liberty, so should their destiny be. He said that it was repugnant to Divine goodness to foreordain any one to perdition. If any perished, it was their own fault. In the death of Christ he saw a universal atonement, and that sufficient grace was given to every man to secure his salvation. So far all was smooth, but he soon became as much perplexed as his predecessor. The stone of stumbling that lay in his way was the *foreknowledge* of God. If God foresaw that man would use this liberty to his ruin, why impart it? Why force him into being and curse him with a freedom which would make him forever wretched? This made his building as gloomy as that of Calvin, and left a chasm that no untempered mortar has been able to close. Again, to talk of Christ as dying for all, and being the "Savior of the world," when nine-tenths will be lost forever, is like arguing for the truth of a proposition, when the result shows its fallacy.

These two temples are the chief refuges for worshippers at the present day. There are many departures from the style of architecture, but they are all subject to the same objection, *full of holes*, so that there is little comfort in worshipping in them. The only person who profits by it is the Priest, for when an opponent blocks up one passage, he slips out at another.

There is one more temple, as ancient as the world, whose "maker and builder is God." He has founded it in love, and with this every stone fits. Does God decree? He does, but consistently with his love. Did he foreknow that man would abuse his goodness? Certainly, but he also foreknew "that where sin abounded, grace would much more abound." Does he give man liberty of action? He does, but not to his eternal ruin. This doctrine insists upon the Divine attributes as harmonious. Infinite wisdom in the plan, and infinite goodness in the execution. While he has determined all things after the counsel of his own will, he has made *that* will consistent with his goodness by declaring, that "he will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of his truth." It is little esteemed of men, and except by those who compose the "household of faith," is as little heeded as the stable and manger at the inn in Bethlehem.

We trust, however, that the time is not far removed, when the great and wise, like the Magi of the East, shall bring their gifts, and the true worshipper of Christ will say with the amiable disciple—"we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world."—*New Covenant*.

Original.

LETTER FROM AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I propose giving you a few specimens of the sophisms and subterfuges of the self-styled orthodox clergy, which if they contain sufficient interest to appear in print are at your service.

Rev. Mr. C. when urging one he wished to "bring

out" to "get up" and express "a hope" met the objection founded on St. Paul's direction to the "women to keep silence in the churches," by saying that this objection was instigated by the devil, that it was the cross she had to bear, and when she could overcome the devil in this respect she would "doubtless receive a blessing." This man said at another time that rather than believe in Calvinism, he would throw his Bible into the street and be a Deist.

Rev. Mr. F. in attempting to prove the doctrine of endless misery from passages of scripture containing the word death, said that some persons die instantly, others are days and weeks dying, hence the word had a peculiar significance when used in reference to punishment, and might mean that the sinner would be always dying, but never during the ceaseless ages of eternity be dead.

This gentleman believes that we are not commanded to pray for all men. Being a Calvinist, 'tis the elect only for whom we should pray. He also believes that Universalists distrust their own faith or they would commit suicide. The idea is very modestly expressed by the Rev. J. G. Witted, or more properly *Not-Witted*.

These all by suicidal flight,

Enjoy the beatific sight;

By razor, rope, and pistol fires,

They've gone to join the heavenly choirs.

Elder W. during a protracted meeting in relating the successes which had attended his labors during the three past winters, spoke of "twenty-five of the most hardened Universalists he ever knew" who had got down on their knees, and were hopefully converted under his preaching." When addressed by note in a most respectful manner, asking for information, for the name of the place and the names of two or three respectable citizens, he paid no attention to the enquiry, but subsequently, when the writer attended his meeting, and was pointed out by the resident minister, he took advantage of his position and said that some persons had found fault with him for saying that some 22 or 30 years ago Universalists had been down on their knees praying at this meeting, and thought it strange, marvelously strange that fault should be found with him for saying that Universalists prayed and were converted, thence he passed to several "knock down" arguments against Universalism which lasted about an hour. This Elder's wife was then and probably still is in a mad house.

Rev. Mr. H. in attempting to prove that Jesus Christ was God, said that Christ raised Lazarus by his own unaided power, simply saying, "Lazarus, come forth," and persisted in declaring he had given the true meaning to the record,—and this man is looked up to as a teacher in Israel.

The Rev. Mr. J. desired the adult members of his Bible class to write each an article in favor of the divinity of Jesus Christ. They very naturally took the circumstances of his birth, ministry, miracles, death and resurrection to prove his divinity, but this did not satisfy the parson; they had omitted the weightier matter, they had not attempted to show that Christ was God, "the very and eternal God," hence they must try again. Query.—How long will it take to prove the divinity of Christ on this hypothesis?

I have "some more of the same sort left" as the razor strop man would say, but do not wish to be prolix.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Original

MINUTES OF THE CHAUTAUQUE ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

Met at Sheridan Center, Sept. 12th.—Chose brother L. Paine, Moderator, and Bro. W. W. King, Clerk, *pro tem*.

Appointed—Bros. W. W. King, N. Usher and J. J. Eacker, Committee of Arrangements.

The following delegates were present: Carroll—R. Green, D. Chapin; Chautauque—J. J. Morris and L. Harrington; Pomfret—B. Sprague and J. Baldwin.

The Committee on Discipline reported no cause of complaint.

Voted—That Bros. L. Paine, F. M. Alvord and J. J. Eacker, be a Committee on Fellowship and Ordination for the ensuing year.

Voted—That Bros. J. Paine and W. W. King be the clerical, and Bros. N. A. Alexander and J. Baldwin, the lay delegates to the next State Convention.

Bro. W. W. King presented a request to be admitted to the Fellowship of the Association as a Minister; referred to the Committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

Voted—That the request of Bro. W. W. King for fellowship be granted.

Voted—That a Committee of three be appointed to consider the propriety of changing the time for holding our Association, to Saturday and Sunday, and report at the next annual meeting; Bros. F. M. Alvord, R. Green and W. W. King were appointed as such committee.

Voted—That there be two Conferences of two days each, held during the year, within the bounds of the Association. That the first Conference be held on the 2nd Saturday and Sunday in January next, at Haight's Corners in the town of Westfield.

Voted—That a Committee of three be appointed to request of Bro. P. P. Fowler a copy of his first sermon before this Association, for publication; Bros. King, Green and Bates appointed as such Committee.

Voted—That the Council adjourn to meet at Sherman, Sept. 11th, 1850. W. W. KING, Clerk, *pro tem*.

L. PAINE, Moderator.

REMARKS.—Our meeting was large, and a spirit of unity was present throughout the entire session. A profound attention was paid to the ministration of the word, and we confidently hope that much good will result from our united labors. Owing to a Conference held at the same time in the Alleghany Association and funeral occasions that detained two of our Bros., there was a smaller attendance of our ministers than usual. Sermons were preached by Bros. Fowler, Paine and the writer which we trust may be blessed to the spiritual advancement of those present, and the enlargement and strengthening of the borders of our beloved Zion.

Forestville, Sept. 13th, 1849.

W. W. KING.

OUR THOUGHTS.

They flit, they come, they go,

The visions of the day;

They change, they fade, they glow,

They rise, they die away.

And all within the scope

Of one poor human breast,

Where joy, and fear, and hope,

Like clouds on heaven's blue cope,

Can never be at rest.

THE BLUSH.—What a very mysterious thing is the blush upon the human face! How truth telling, how unaccountable, that a single word, a thought, a look, should bring the unimitable color to the cheeks, like the tints of a summer sunset upon the sky. And only in the face it is seen; the hands, the feet, do not turn red in modesty, or in guilt: only the face shows itself the mirror of the soul. And in the blush how much is to be learned; of modesty, of consciousness, of praise, of anger, of guilt, of sensibility! The woman without the blush at times upon her cheek, is the woman no more! for with it has departed the purity of her soul.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849.

NEW YORK EVANGELIST AND UNIVERSALISM.

NUMBER I.

An article, embodying a history of the course of the New York Evangelist in reference to Universalism, written by one whom we could name, would be curious and interesting. We do not feel competent to do justice to such an article, and will not attempt to write it. But still we must be allowed to remark that we have a recollection of the times when Rev. E. F. Hatfield labored so devotedly through the columns of the Evangelist for the overthrow of Universalism, and that he was met at every point by our able Br. T. J. Sawyer, and all his arguments completely refuted. We have some recollection too, that Mr. H. published accounts of the conversion of several persons from Universalism to his own "precious faith" in endless misery. These for a time afforded him much satisfaction; but, alas! the time was short; for he was called on for the names and residences of his converts, and, not exercising the caution common with partialists on such occasions, he gave them to Br. Sawyer, who visited the persons, and from their own mouths ascertained that they had never been Universalists, thus taking away from Mr. H. the glory he supposed he had achieved in converting those individuals from the despised faith he sought to destroy.

Then there was one Rev. N. E. Johnson, for a time editor of the Evangelist, a boon companion and fellow laborer with Mr. Hatfield in the work of demolishing Universalism. Never did two individuals sympathize with each other more cordially than they in the conviction that our doctrine is a monstrous error and dreadfully licentious in its influence. They declared it to be the very device of the devil, to lead mankind astray from virtue to the practice of all that is vile, filthy and abominable. But lo! this course of things was soon disturbed by a revelation of the fact that while Messrs. Johnson and Hatfield were striving to convince men of the wickedness of Universalism, Mr. Johnson himself was a frequent visitor of the third tier at theatres, and houses of the most abandoned females. Though he shrunk with holy horror from the contamination of Universalism, and sought to convince the world that there would be no safety for virtue, aside from a belief in the doctrine of endless hell torments, his own vile course showed that this darling doctrine had not power to restrain him from the most beastly wickedness. About this time a letter was addressed by Br. Sawyer to Mr. Hatfield, on the "licentiousness of Universalism," a subject then peculiarly "rich." This letter never drew forth an answer from Mr. H. He prudently kept silence.

For years we have known little concerning the Evangelist, as it has refused the courtesy of an exchange with the Messenger. Recently, however, we had a partial promise of a renewal of the exchange, but it does not come to us and we fear it will not.

As we did not see the Evangelist, we did not know that a series of articles are being published in it on Universalism, till our attention was directed to them by a friend. We called at the Evangelist Office and obtained the Nos. containing the articles in question. We have read them, or, at least, seven of them, all we have seen. We wish the others could be sent; but if they are not, we must obtain them in some way. The articles are those noticed by S. C. B. last week, and are written by one Rev. J. P. Warren. We know nothing of the

author aside from these articles; and they are not calculated to place him very high in our estimation as a Christian or a gentleman. The fact that he commends the notorious M. H. Smith is enough to show that something is wrong with him; for no man who knows Smith can respect him. He is well known to be a vile slanderer, and is countenanced by the "Orthodox" because he was once a professed Universalist and they find in him a convenient tool to do the dirty work of vilifying those with whom he was formerly connected. If any of our readers wish to learn the character of Smith, we advise them to read Br. L. C. Browne's masterly review of him; and then they can decide on the moral honesty of upholding and recommending such a man as a Christian teacher.

Mr. Warren thinks "Evangelical Christians" do not know what Universalism is, and he has written these articles for the purpose of informing them. Such, at least, is his *professed* object. It is lamentably true that those who style themselves "Evangelical Christians" are very ignorant of Universalism; but it is not true that Mr. Warren gives a faithful representation of our sentiments. His real object evidently is to misrepresent us and thus, if possible, increase the prejudice of his readers against us.

In the first article there is an attempt to convict Universalists of inconsistency in holding to the *certainly of punishment* and also to the *forgiveness of sins*. "Evangelical Christians" have long held that justice and mercy are directly opposed to each other. In their view justice demands the endless punishment of the sinner, but from this mercy revolts; so that if God is just he cannot be merciful, and if he is merciful he cannot be just; or rather he could not be merciful if just, were it not that justice is satisfied by inflicting the punishment due the sinner on the innocent head of Jesus.

We, on the contrary, do not believe that the perfect justice of God is ever opposed to his mercy. With him there is no such thing as merciful justice, or unjust mercy. There are no warring attributes in Deity—they are all beautifully harmonious. Justice requires the sinner's punishment and will certainly visit the evil consequences of transgression upon him. If there is any truth plainly taught in God's Word it is this: "He that doeth wrong, shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, and there is no respect of persons." Col. iii. 25. And though this punishment generally follows close on the heels of crime—"quick as the thunder follows the lightning," it is not invariably the case. Sometimes "judgment against an evil work is not speedily executed;" but sooner or later it is sure to be experienced. But this punishment is inflicted with gracious designs, and, among other aims, has that of the sinner's own good in view. Its tendency is to teach him the evil of sin, and lead him to avoid it. Hence justice is not unmerciful; for mercy itself seeks the same end designed by justice—the reformation of the guilty.

Forgiveness is the removing or taking away of sin; it is deliverance from iniquity—the act of saving. And is there no room for this work if men are adequately punished? Who does not see that men may be punished severely for their sins and yet remain vile? Forgiveness is needed to deliver them from iniquity, not from deserved punishment; for from that there is no deliverance if God's word be true. We are taught that God forgives iniquity, transgression and sin, though he will, by no means, clear the guilty. The Psalmist says: "Verily, thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions." In Isa. xl. 2, we find the following: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of

the Lord's hand double for all her sins." Here two things are evidently taught: 1st. Jerusalem received double for all her sins—a strong expression, denoting that she received the utmost which justice demanded; and 2dly, that notwithstanding this her "iniquity was pardoned." Mr. Warren may laugh at this as much as he pleases; it is the doctrine of the Bible, and a consistent doctrine too when correctly understood.

Here is a paragraph from our author on this head:

Apply this idea of mercy to one or two passages of Scripture. "After this manner," said Christ, "pray ye: Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." That is, according to Universalism, "inflict on us full punishment for our sins, and then release us, even as we exact full punishment from those who injure us, and afterward acquit them." "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." That is, "As God has punished you all to the extent of justice, and then pardoned you, so do ye first inflict punishment on each other for injuries received, and then kindly forgive!"

Mr. Warren holds that God's justice is satisfied in the case of those whom he forgives by visiting *their* punishment on Jesus Christ. Justice inflicts all the punishment required, but on the innocent Savior, instead of the guilty sinner. Here mercy is exercised in forgiving the sinner. Now let us read after Mr. Warren. Apply this idea of mercy to one or two passages of Scripture. "After this manner," said Christ, "pray ye: Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." That is, according to Presbyterianism, "Inflict on Jesus full punishment for all our sins, and then release us, even as we exact full punishment from some innocent individual when any persons injure us, and then forgive them." The reader can complete the paragraph. In this view of the subject, what right has Mr. Warren to talk of *mercy* and *forgiveness*? If I owe him a hundred dollars, and a friend of mine pays him the full amount, is he not bound to give up the obligation and discharge the debt? Nothing can be clearer than this. In such case, with what consistency could he say he *forgave* me the debt! He got his full pay; and therefore, according to his own mode of argument, there could be no forgiveness in the case. So with respect to divine justice, according to Presbyterianism, it inflicted on Jesus the punishment due to our sins, and then after being fully satisfied, Mr. Warren thinks there is room for the exercise of mercy and forgiveness; yet according to his views this is an impossibility; for he holds that when justice is satisfied, there can be no display of mercy, no forgiveness. It is with an ill-grace that he writes of the inconsistency of Universalists, in holding that God will punish men for their sins and afterwards forgive them. In our view of the subject there is no inconsistency; for we do not believe justice in God is a vindictive attribute, seeking to inflict vengeance on the sinner, without reference to his welfare. But it harmonizes with mercy in seeking the good of those whom it chastises. This view we believe, not only to be true, but honorable to God, while the opposite opinion represents him as a monster tormenting mankind purely for the sake of making them wretched, and without any intention of benefitting them thereby. Mr. Warren says our view "blots out the high attribute of justice," and "is the essence of anarchy and rebellion." We think the attribute of justice as held by him a very *low* one, and that it well deserves to be "blotted out;" justice, as he regards it, would also perpetuate "anarchy and rebellion" in the empire of God to all eternity. We prefer that "anarchy and rebellion" be ended, and all souls brought in sweet submission to the reign of Heaven.

H. L.

Br. Fay's residence is No. 231 East Broadway.

BLASPHEMIES OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

In a late number of this paper, our readers will recollect an article appeared with the above caption, noticing and commending to public attention the pamphlet lately published in Boston, containing the Letter of the celebrated John Foster, and an earnest "Appeal" from Professor A. Crosby, to the American Tract Society, in relation to the character of its Publications; as also an extract therefrom of a few paragraphs from "Baxter's Saint's Rest," which we pronounced the height of blasphemy against God. We now propose presenting our readers with one or two more extracts from the same pamphlet, taken from the most highly approved and widely circulated publications of the Tract Society.

If any of our readers should feel disposed to think lightly of the publications of the Tract Society, or that they are beneath the notice of respectable presses, being the relics of a darker age and too contemptible and obsolete to engage the attention of enlightened and thinking minds of the present day, they should be informed of the enormous amount of funds—*hundreds of thousands of dollars*—drawn annually from the pockets of the people and expended by this mammoth Society in printing and circulating, by hundreds of Colporteurs all over this country and foreign lands, and in foreign languages, *hundreds of thousands of copies* of these very blasphemies now being noticed—that they are forming, moulding and imbuing the minds of the rising generation with these horrid sentiments, and thus fortifying and closing them against all that is rational, enlightened and consistent, relative to the Parental and benignant character of God. They should know something of the *immense machinery* that is brought to bear in this direction, and how feeble and limited are the means at the command of liberal Christians to counteract the pernicious influences of these publications of the American Tract Society. In the very last number of the "American Messenger," the monthly spawn of this national incubus, the editor, speaking of the *Tract House* in Nassau-street, New York, "with its hundreds of busy hands and ponderous machinery, and busy minds, planning and printing, and praying for a world," says:

"The *manufacturing* department is regarded as one of the most complete, if not one of the most extensive, in the world. The most improved machinery is so disposed as to secure the greatest regularity and efficiency in each branch of the printer's, binder's, and engraver's art. Twelve power-presses—double medium—propelled by steam, with smaller proof and hand presses, besides the composing-room, occupy the fifth story of the front building. Steam embossing-presses, hydraulic and binder's presses, with about 100 folders, stitchers, forwarders, and finishers are found on the fourth floor; while the fourth and fifth stories of the adjacent building, recently procured, are filled with case-makers, gilders, and folders. Besides warming the entire premises in winter, steam is made to heat the glue of each case-maker, boil the paste, hoist the paper, and do the drudgery of many men. Pity it could not be made to do some of the thinking and writing, as well as the printing! By these combined operations, between 2,000 and 3,000 books, and about 30,000 smaller publications are manufactured each day—all filled with divine knowledge."

This brief extract affords but a very imperfect view of the enormous business done by the A. T. S., and yet there are some among us who affect to consider the Society and its operations and publications too contemptible to notice—unworthy of our attention! O, what immense good could this Society do, if its publications were what they should be! and yet what unspeakable mischief must such horrid blasphemies as those we are noticing, occasion wherever they are circulated and read!

The following extract is of a similar character to that taken from Baxter in our former article:

"To all that misery is added that of the fire that never sha-

be quenched. And Oh, who can dwell with devouring fire? who can endure everlasting burnings? All the torments which martyrs have suffered would be easy, compared with the torments of damnation. Many of those faithful servants of God have yielded up their lives in the midst of dreadful burnings; but these were not an everlasting fire. An old writer says, 'I have read of the horrid execution of a traitor: being naked, he was chained fast to a chair of brass or some other metal, that would burn most furiously, being filled with fiery heat; about which was made a mighty fire, that by little and little caused the chair to be red and raging hot, so that the miserable man roared hideously many hours for extremest anguish, and so expired. But what a horrible thing had it been to have lain in that dreadful torment eternally.' If merely a finger be burnt, or one limb be scorched, how tormenting is the pain! yet what is this compared with sinking in the flaming waves of hell, tormented in every part, and nothing to give a momentary relief? yet such must be the careless sinner's dreadful portion. The Son of God himself has declared the awful truth; and it is hideous cruelty to an immortal soul to reject it, through a delusive hope that God's threatenings will not be fulfilled. Can you then, O young sinner! dwell with everlasting burnings? you must, if you do not repent. Were your hand thrust into a flaming furnace, the torment would be great, but more supportable if you were assured that in a minute it should be taken out again: but if your hand were capable of lasting so long, and you were assured that it should continue burning for life, how intolerable would your misery seem? how would you wish for death to end it, yet it would be as nothing, compared with what the spirits of the lost must feel in hell. There all the soul, and, after the resurrection, all the immortal body, must endure indescribable misery, and no easy part within or without. How dreadful is the state of those who, dying in their sins, are dragged down by devils to infinite despair! Oh what a change, when they are snatched away from the world they loved, to that where there is nothing but malignant spirits to torment them! no sound of a Savior's love; but horrid lamentations and despair. What fearful horrors stare them in the face on every side! How would they shrink back from the mouth of the infernal dungeon, but Oh! they cannot, for the wrath of an incensed God drives them in. And when once they have entered it, it is for eternity. Alas! how infernal the society, how doleful the abode! Oh the dreadful torments of eternal fire! Oh, the horrid company of hellish fiends! Where can they turn their affrighted eyes? Alas! it is everywhere the same sad spectacle, blackness, and darkness, and devils, and flame. . . .

"How dreadful a change is this for the careless sinner. . . . Here by night an easy bed refreshes his weary limbs, and in calm sleep even his sorrows are forgotten; but there he will sleep no more to forget his misery, but writhe and toss his wretched form forever on the lake of fire."—[Pike's "Persuasive to Early Piety," pp. 361—364.]

Let the reader notice in this extract the pains taken by the writer to render the character of God odious, horrible and revolting. He first undertakes to describe the most awful sufferings and intense agony that man can endure here, and the most horrid vindictiveness and barbarous cruelty of man in tormenting his helpless-fellow man in this world, insomuch that his helpless victim, chained to the red-hot metal, "roared hideously many hours for extremest anguish, and so expired;" and then goes on to describe God as far more cruel and vindictive than these monster men! The torments that the worst of men can inflict are but trifling, slight and momentary, compared to those that God can and will inflict! In short, he is as much worse than the most savage monster that ever disgraced humanity, and his cruelty as much more exquisite and enduring, as his power is greater, and as eternity exceeds a moment in duration! And then men are called on to love and worship such a God! "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret! Unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!"

One thing is remarkable, and worthy particular notice in these extracts: it is this—that God and devils co-operate in this dreadful work of tormenting souls—they perfectly harmonize both in character and work! In the above extract from Pike he represents sinners as "dragged down by devils to infinite despair!"

"Snatched away from the world they loved, to that where there is nothing but malignant spirits to torment them." And a few lines after, in the same paragraph, speaking of their shrinking back "from the mouth of the infernal dungeon," he adds, "but Oh! they cannot, for the wrath of an incensed God drives them in." And a few words after, adds, "Oh, the horrid company of hellish fiends! And in the extract before made from Baxter it is expressly declared that the principal author of hell-torments is God himself, and that He hath purposely ordained the place of torment! Thus do they represent God and the devil "malignant spirits," "hellish fiends," as all combined and harmoniously united in tormenting the poor helpless sinner to all eternity. The "hellish fiends" are as bad as they can be; but God is represented as worse, because greater. And yet when thus representing the infinite Majesty of heaven in this terrible light, they do not seem to tremble, nor fear to offend him! If he were not the very essence of love and mercy it seems to us he could not suffer such blasphemers of his infinite majesty to live. Take another extract:—

"The furnace of eternal vengeance is heated ready for thee. Hell and destruction open their mouths upon thee; they gape for thee; they groan for thee, Isa. 5: 14; waiting as it were with a greedy eye, as thou standest on the brink. If the wrath of men be 'as the roaring of a lion,' 'more heavy than the sand,' what is the wrath of the infinite God? If the burning furnace heated in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery rage, when he commanded it to be made yet seven times hotter, was so fierce as to burn up even those that drew near to throw the three children in, how hot is that burning of the Almighty's fury! Surely this is seventy times seven more fierce. What thinkest thou, O man, of being a fagot in hell to all eternity? 'Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong in the day that I shall deal with thee? saith the Lord of hosts.' Canst thou abide the everlasting burnings? Canst thou dwell with consuming fire: when thou shalt be as glowing iron in hell, and thy whole body and soul shall be as perfectly possessed by God's burning vengeance as the sparkling iron with fire, when heated in the fiercest furnace? Some of the choicest servants of God, when under the hidings of his face, and dreading the effects of his displeasure, have bewailed their condition with bitter lamentations. How then wilt thou endure when God shall pour out all his vials, and set himself against thee, to torment thee; when he shall make thy conscience the tunnel by which he will be pouring his burning wrath into thy soul forever, and when he shall fill all thy pores as full of torment as they are now full of sin; when immortality shall be thy misery, and to die the death of a brute, and be swallowed in the gulf of annihilation, shall be such a felicity as the whole eternity of wishes and an ocean of tears shall never purchase?"

"Now thou canst put off the evil day, and laugh and be merry, and forget 'the terror of the Lord.' But how wilt thou hold out, or hold up, when God will cast thee into a 'bed of torments,' and make thee to 'lie down in sorrow;' when roarings and blasphemies shall be thy only music, and the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, shall be thy only drink; and when thou shalt draw in flames for thy breath: in a word, when the smoke of thy torment shall ascend forever and ever, and thou shalt have no rest day nor night, no rest in thy conscience, no ease in thy bones; but thou shalt be an execration and astonishment, and a curse and a reproach, forevermore? Jer. 42: 18. "O sinner, stop here, and consider. If thou art a man, and not a senseless block, consider. Bethink thyself where thou standest—upon the very brink of destruction. As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between thee and this. Thou knowest not, when thou liest down, but thou mayest be in hell before morning: thou knowest not, when thou risest, but thou mayest drop in before night."—[Al-leine's "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners," pp. 114—119.]

This extract, though from another author, is of the same character as the preceding. The author labors to represent "the fiery rage" of Nebuchadnezzar as but light and trifling when compared to the rage and fury of the Omnipotent One, who shall make the sinner "a fagot in hell," and his "con-

science the tunnel by which he will pour his burning wrath into the soul forever!" and "the gulf of annihilation" to the sinner "shall be such a felicity as the whole eternity of wishes and an ocean of tears shall never purchase!"

The soul sickens and the heart shudders at these horrible and blasphemous representations of the Divine character. And these writers have the audacity to pretend that the Bible teaches such sentiments! Nothing can be more false or monstrous. The hyperboles and metaphors of the Old Testament and the parables and oriental figures of the New, that originally had not the most distant allusion to a future state, they have tortured and twisted and forced into a seeming countenance and support of the horrible doctrine of the literal burning of immortal souls in an endless hell, and publish and spread with a zeal worthy of a better cause these God-dishonoring, soul-tormenting sentiments. That such views should have been invented and propagated by the dark and vindictive soul of the African bishop Tertullian, in the third century, is not so surprising; but that they should be countenanced and published, and spread as the very marrow and pith of the Gospel, by educated and professedly enlightened Christians in the middle of the 19th century, is both surprising and lamentable. We almost blush to present our readers with the above extracts merely as a sample of the Tract Society's publications and as a warning to people to be on their guard against them. Our sheet seems soiled by the contact, and we know not that we shall add more to the horrible specimens already given. We forbear further comment at present and close by expressing the hope that the public may look into the character of these publications and treat both them and their authors according to their deserts.

D. S.

"GOD'S PEOPLE SPARED."

Under this head "the Independent" asserts that "the churches of New York and Brooklyn have been remarkably exempt from the ravages of the late epidemic." Statistics are given to show that few deaths by cholera have occurred "in a large circle of Presbyterian and Congregational" churches. The editor then asks:

"Now why is this? Is it not because those habits of cleanliness, prudence, sobriety, cheerfulness, virtue, which religion fosters are in general a protection against such a disease? Is it not also because God cares for his people, and watches over them? Has he not fulfilled his promise?"

All this we can understand: but when the writer comes to talk about a "discrimination in favor of the people of God" we are at a loss to know precisely what he means. If he means to appropriate the peculiar promises made to the Jews, on the ground that a certain and very limited proportion of the human race are the "people of God," on account of their form of faith, we should like to have some further information on the subject. He says:

"The facts already within our knowledge warrant the belief that in the course of the pestilence there has been a discrimination in favor of the people of God."

"Facts" are stubborn things, and we shall not undertake to contend with them. But as the writer is anxious to "have statistics on this subject, collected with care and published," we would present the following: In one of our Societies, under the pastoral charge of one of the editors of this journal, numbering in the usual attendance, six or seven hundred, not a single death by cholera has occurred, and during the two weeks the epidemic raged most, he was not called to a single funeral, a circumstance which has rarely occurred in any two weeks of his ministry of eight years in that parish; his usual number being from three to ten in that space of time.

But we never thought of claiming any "discrimination" as the "people of God," for that Society, but attributed the preservation, under God, to the causes above enumerated, "habits of cleanliness, prudence, sobriety, cheerfulness, virtue, and the still higher duties of religion, which we have tried to enforce as the works of piety and duty which God requires of all; the neglect of which will always be attended with evil. But these we have enforced upon our hearers because they are the 'people of God,' not to make them so.

Some good men and professed Christians have fallen here and elsewhere, before the wasting pestilence. Will the editor of the Independent argue that such were not "the people of God?" It would be rather presumptuous to do so.

Christians must be modest, humble, thankful, obedient; and study to understand that "God acts not by partial, but by general laws;" and try and conform to those laws as a reasonable duty to God, and a means of security and happiness to themselves.

W. S. B.

"INFORMATION WANTED."

Under this head, in our paper of the 15th inst., we said that Mr. S. B. James writes us that in July last, &c. We looked on our Books and did not find Mr. James' name. We have just received a letter from Br. J. H. Harter, our authorized and efficient agent, which explains the whole matter and gives us all the information desired. Br. Harter did not neglect to send us the name *nor the money*; but by some means which we cannot account for, the papers did not reach Mr. James. This may certify therefore, that the question, "Who is that agent," is answered. Br. J. H. Harter is the agent, and he has done his duty promptly and faithfully.

HALLOCK & LYON.

MAGIC OF KINDNESS.

We have read, with much interest, a volume bearing the above title. As its name indicates, it is designed to set forth the excellence of "kindness" as a principle of human action. And this it does most effectually, exhibiting its almost "magic" influence in overcoming enmity and strife, and promoting peace and happiness among men. The work is from the "Brothers Mayhew, authors of the good genius that turned everything into gold," and is republished by Harper and Brothers.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

We have a supply of this beautiful Annual for 1850, edited by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, and containing articles from the best writers in the denomination. Call at the office of this paper and examine it and then you will purchase it.

UNION OF PAPERS.

The "Olive Branch" and the "Star in the West," both published at Cincinnati, have been united, the former being merged into the latter.

"A little child, seven years old, one day said to her mother, 'Mother, I have learned to be happy, and I shall always be happy.' 'My dear,' said her mother, 'how can this be done?' She said, 'It is by not caring anything about myself, but trying to make everybody else happy.'"

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and you disarm Poverty of her sharpest sting. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

ABBOTT'S HISTORY OF HANNIBAL.

BRETHREN :—Having no news to write, I have concluded to give you a sketch of the life of Hannibal. I have just finished Abbott's history of this great man. It is intensely interesting. Though not so full as I desired, it is admirably written, and answers exactly the object for which it was designed. On those portions of it where I wanted more information, I could turn to Rollin and other writers. Abbott has a happy faculty for collecting the principal events in the career of those on whom he writes; arranging them in their order, and narrating them in an engaging and graceful style. His histories are not dry details, though he makes no attempt at philosophizing. They abound with brief descriptions of scenery, and men, and customs, which give them a peculiar charm. We have an instance of this in the work before us, where Hannibal, in descending the Alps, comes in sight of the plains of Italy. It is difficult to conceive of a more captivating scene than he there presents. The army, emerging from the regions of ice and snow, from the deep ravines in which they have been long wandering, from the fearful dangers by which their lives had been periled, look down upon one of the loveliest countries on which the eye ever rested, blooming in the freshness of its rich and varied productions! They could enjoy such a view, and one is almost ready to say, the prospect fully compensated them for all they had suffered.

The history, however, does not abound in scenes of an enlivening character. The most of its scenes are dark, revolting, terrible! It exhibits in a most full and forcible manner the fearful effects of war. Embracing a period of over a hundred years, it describes the three Punic wars, in which hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed, and numerous flourishing and populous cities were destroyed. At the commencement of these wars, Carthage was a rich and flourishing city, whose people were surrounded by plenty and all the means of happiness. When they ended, Carthage was in ruins, and its vast population destroyed. Previous to the commencement of these wars, the Romans and Carthaginians had continued to enlarge their respective empires for five hundred years without coming into collision. During this long period they had gradually grown rich and mighty. The Romans were an agricultural people, and devoted their time to tilling the earth, hunting wild beasts, and raising flocks and herds. Their pursuits rendered them a hardy people, and gave to them great firmness, energy, and force of character. The Carthaginians had sagacity, activity, and enterprise. Before the Romans had a single ship, or knew the mode of constructing one, they had ships in all parts of the Mediterranean Sea, by which they visited all the nations on its coasts, purchased the commodities they had to sell, and engaged in an extensive and most profitable trade. They took possession of that part of Spain where the mines were situated, and worked them themselves. At these mines they founded a city, which they called New Carthage. When the first war between the Romans and the Carthaginians began, the former had not a single ship, and they took their first lesson in ship-building from a Carthaginian galley, which had been cast upon the coast of Italy in a storm. Though such was their condition, they had in a few months a fleet of one hundred galleys of five banks of oars, ready for service, and men trained to man them. In this war the Romans were victorious. It lasted twenty-four years, and was followed by peace which lasted for the same period. The terms of the peace were mortifying to the pride of the Carthaginians and great hindrances to their prosperity.

Before Hannibal reached the years of maturity, his people engaged in a war under the command of Hamilcar, his father. He having been killed, the war was prosecuted under Hasdrubal, his son-in-law. It was the intention of Hamilcar to march his army up to the boundary between the Romans and Carthaginians, and raise some pretext for crossing it. When Hamilcar was dead Hasdrubal sent for Hannibal, who was then 21 or 22 years of age. In a few years Hasdrubal was killed, and Hannibal was raised to the supreme command of the army. No sooner did he receive his authority than he began to mature his plans for a war with the Romans. His first engagement, having direct reference to this purpose, was with the city of Saguntum, which he conquered. He then made arrangements to advance against his hated foe. He set out from New Carthage, and marched to the Iberus, thence to the pass of the Rhone, thence to the Alps, and from the Alps to the plains of Italy, making a distance of 1000 miles. He subdued the several nations that opposed him in his march from the Iberus to the Rhone. Though he started with 100,000 men, the number which he lost in his engagements between the Iberus and the Pyrenean hills, with those sent back and appointed to guard the baggage of those who were to follow, reduced his army to 60,000. At the passage of the Rhone, he had an engagement with the Gauls, whom he defeated. From this time he met with no serious obstruction, till he reached the Alps. His men were disheartened by the dangers and difficulties before them. They were "willing to encounter a military foe, but their imaginations were appalled at the novel and awful images they formed of falling down precipices of ragged rocks, and of gradually freezing and being buried half alive, during the process, in eternal snows." He overcame these feelings, however, by his pointed and spirited addresses, and by assuring them that the Alps were the gates of access to the country of the enemy. The description of the passage over the Alps, given in the history before us, is full of stirring interest, terrific dangers, and narrow escapes. The picture is very graphically drawn. You see the irregular ranges of the mountains, some towering in "lofty needle peaks, which even the chamois cannot scale, and where scarcely a flake of snow can find a place of rest." You see the frightful chasms, along which the road twists and turns, sometimes on the edge of an awful precipice, down which the firmest nerve cannot look without being dizzy. You see the impetuous and roaring torrents as they thunder along through their gloomy channels, till lost in interminable fields of ice and snow. As you follow the troops amid the dangers which attend them, and see elephants and horses, and long lines of soldiers crowding through narrow passes that lead over shelving rocks you tremble with intense fear for their safety.

After numerous disasters, by which many of his army were destroyed, and several engagements with the wild warriors of the mountain, who disputed his passage, Hannibal reached the plains of Italy. His first engagement after he had crossed the Alps was with Scipio, near the Po. Hannibal was victorious. His next engagement was with Sempronius, who had been sent with an army to Carthage for the purpose of compelling the Carthaginians to recall Hannibal. This engagement took place near the Trebia, and Hannibal was again victorious. He then attempted to cross the Appenines, but failed, and was obliged to retreat. His loss was great. His next move was to cross the Arno and make his way towards Rome. A new army was raised to meet him, commanded by Flaminius. With this general he had an engagement near the Lake Trasymene. The Romans were again completely routed. A new army was raised, and given to the command of Fabius, a cool, cautious

man. He determined not to give battle to Hannibal, but to weary him out by fatigue and delay. His policy was good, and would have succeeded, but the Romans became impatient, and he was called to Rome on a pretext that business required his attention. While absent, Minucius led the army into battle, and though it was reported at Rome that he had gained a victory, such was not the fact. The little advantage which he had gained resulted in his being appointed an equal in command with Fabius. The army was divided, and the commanders formed separate plans of operation. Minucius soon effected an engagement, and would have lost all, had not Fabius gone to his assistance. Hannibal was obliged to retreat. The next battle, and the great one of the campaign, was at Cannæ. The Romans had nearly ninety thousand, and Hannibal only about sixty thousand. The slaughter was terrible. It is said that seventy thousand were killed. Hannibal was completely victorious. Though to appearance he had now conquered Rome, he dared not march to the city. He sent home for reinforcements; but though sent, they never reached him, and soon the tide of fortune began to turn. His army was reduced in numbers, and enervated by excessive indulgence at Capua. In the engagements which followed he suffered defeats. His misfortunes continued to increase till he was recalled to Carthage to assist in its defence against the Romans, who had sent an army to subjugate it. Success attended the invading army, and not even the presence of Hannibal had power to stay their progress. Victory after victory was gained, till Carthage was conquered. Peace was declared, and lasted fifty-two years, when the third Punic war began. The war by Hannibal lasted seventeen years. He was a great general, but Scipio was his superior.

Scipio spared Hannibal's life, and appeared to admire his talents. He paid him high compliments. Hannibal remained at Carthage for years, and labored with some success to promote the interests of the State. He commanded some forces against the Africans, but was recalled by the direction of the Romans, who would not consent to see him in arms. On his return, he was appointed prætor, an office of great authority, to which he devoted his best powers with zeal and energy. The corruptions of the country were great, and his efforts to promote justice raised so many enemies that he was obliged to flee. The Romans, through the representations of his foes, demanded that Hannibal should be delivered up to them. From Carthage he made his way to Ephesus, where he enjoyed the protection of Antiochus. For awhile the exiled general hoped to induce his guardian king to fit him out an army against the Romans, but instead of succeeding, the Romans made Antiochus promise to deliver him into their hands. Suspecting this, Hannibal fled. From this time he had no rest. His enemies constantly pursued him. They followed him from kingdom to kingdom. Being sensible of his danger, he prepared himself with poison, which he determined to take if captured. When he saw that escape was no longer possible, he drank his poison, and died, at the age of nearly seventy years.

In reviewing the life of this great man, the question will arise, What good did he do? If we except the efforts for the restoration of justice and the promotion of virtue, while prætor of Carthage, I know of no good. All else that he did was a curse. His war against Rome was to gratify a spirit of hatred which he imbibed from his father in childhood, and that towering ambition which made him seek to conquer the greatest nation then known. Other generals have been more cruel, but none more ambitious. Others have been as brave, but none more dexterous in the use of stratagems. Others have been as decisive in action, but none more sagacious in seeking advantageous positions

in battle. Though not timid he was cautious. To his caution he owed much of his success. His extreme caution prevented his marching directly to Rome after the great battle of Cannæ. It seems that he might then have taken the city. His name was the terror of the Romans. They feared him as a child does a wild beast. They were broken in spirit, and without hope or the means of defence.

How small is the reward of unsanctified ambition! Hannibal, for a long series of years was engaged in struggling for fame, and yet died an exile by his own hands! Alexander conquered the world, and yet killed himself in attempting to outdo all others in drinking! Bonaparte gave to himself a name which secured to him a rank with Hannibal and Alexander, but he died in captivity on a lonely, barren island! O. A. S.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE.

BY M. L.

I entered a village graveyard a few days since, impelled by a desire to know what epitaph had been placed upon the tombstone of a suicide, whose relatives were believers in endless misery. I found written thereon these words: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Oh! words of hope, how sweet ye fell
Upon the mourning widow's heart,
When earthly voices failed to cheer,
Nor dared one comfort to impart;
Then turning from the creeds of men
How clung that heart to heavenly things,
Trusting that from God's holy book,
Some dove of peace might spread her wings.

And it hath shed some rays of light
On that green grave where Sidney lies,
Whose trembling hand had closed the life,
Which seemed a burden in his eyes;
Oh! weakness, born of doubting faith,
How clouded it with gloomy tears,
The path whereon his footsteps trod,
Through his last sad and trying years;

But ye have left him with his God,
Prompted by that strong faith of heart,
Which back of creeds of early life
Forms of its inmost chords a part.
Oh! may we cherish that true faith
That leads us by our Father's hand,
That bids us trust him through all time
And live or die at his command.

New York, August, 1849.

Original.

EVENING MUSINGS.

"There is on earth much sorrow, and much darkness; there is crime and sickness, the shriek of despair, and the long, deep, silent torture. Ah! who can name them all, the sufferings of humanity in their manifold, pale dispensations? But God be praised! there is also an affluence of goodness and joy; there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace, bright marriage days, and calm, holy death-beds."

So warbles that Swedish nightingale, Frederika Bre-

mer, and the heart responds to her words. Dark and sorrowful as life may seem, it has many a moment of deep, pure, and thrilling joy, when bright picture-thoughts of truth and beauty fill the mind, when the kind word has been spoken or the generous deed performed, when after the fierce, stern conflict, we feel the right has prevailed; when the corroding grief, or the dread agony is past, and we see a new and brighter existence before us. Oh! there are moments of joy, at which angels might rejoice. But alas! that we look so little to the true source of enjoyment, that we rush to the strife of the world, and putting on armor we have not proved, battle recklessly with the vain and trifling, and turn heedlessly from the Inward, as though there were no charm in its revelations.

There is in the nature of the soul something which nothing but the communion of heaven can satisfy,—a thirst which only the waters of life can quench. Disguise it as we will, turn from it as we may, stifle it by the unhallowed passions of the world, still there is in every heart, a voice which pleads for purity and peace; which speaks of a better and holier state of existence; which turns from the poor and pitiable things of earth, and sweetly whispers of happiness and heaven. Stilled though it may be in the earthquake of passion, or the whirlwind of dissipation, yet in the solemn silence, the soul will often feel, it comes with redoubled energy, and speaks in tones which we must understand.

Then we gaze enraptured on the fair and glorious earth, and feel our souls rising in solemn acknowledgment of an All-pervading Spirit, which is full and perfect love;—we stand by the cataract and listen to its fearful roar; we commune with the humble flower that gently uplifts its thankful face; we behold the watching stars as they look softly down on the pleasant earth; we gaze upon the lightning in its fiery career, and hear the sullen tone of the thunder, then turning to the recesses of our own minds we hold converse with the Divinity within, and praise be to the All-Merciful who visits with sunshine and with dew, the grateful and the ungrateful, whose loving kindness is over all the works of his creative word, the light of Truth illumines the mind, and for a time our souls feel a fullness of that perfect love which emanates from the Creator. It matters not what our profession may be, for a time all distinction of creeds is laid aside, and in some degree, the world-wide sympathies of the Savior are ours, we feel that charity, that yearning love that he, even in stern agony felt, and we supplicate “not for *these* only, but for the *world*.” Blessed, thrice blessed moment! and unspeakably blessed he whose life is ever thus, who can look upon even the most debased of his fellow-men and feel that the Father loveth them all. E. A. C.

THE RUM SHOPS.

QUESTIONS WORTH THINKING OF.—The New York Tribune has the following:—

No man need be informed how much temperance has to do with rowdyism. Had there been no grogeries in the city, there would have been no riot. The rum shops are the council rooms in which the mob was organized and its plan of operations matured. They are the nurseries and the conclaves not only of private villainy but of public outrage. How shall they be suppressed and their fruits with them? Can the temperance societies do it? We have faith in that mode of operation, but it does seem that some powerful agency is required. The State of Wisconsin has declared that such an agency is to be found in an improved legislation, where-by the traffic in liquor is made to pay that part of its expenses of which it has hitherto plundered the community generally. In other

words, the rumsellers are made to pay for the pauperism and other pecuniary mischief caused by their trade. This it is supposed will do more than anything yet tried to break it down. The principle of the law is a just one. Can it be applied advantageously in New York? and if not how can the same end be reached? These, also, are questions which the riot may well make worth thinking of.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

STANZAS.

“To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.”

I do not ask a tablet rich
To mark the lowly grave
Where they shall lay my form of dust
Oh, no such boon I crave!
I only ask within fond hearts
A constant guest to be,
That nought may ever dim the light
Of starry memory.

And then, at twilight's thoughtful hour,
When daylight seeks repose,
Beneath the shadowy mantle dark
That evening o'er her throws,
Then let remembrance fondly turn
To those who once have been,
And—though unworthy—cast a thought,
I pray, upon me, then!

LUCIA.

LITTLE SONG.

BY LOUISA.

Youthful hearts so full of glee,
Bright with rainbow visions free,
Everything is filled with joy,
Pleasures sweet without alloy.

Ah! the far-off future seems
Radiant as a Poet's dreams;
Sunshine bright bedecks the way,
Clouds, no shadows o'er it lay.

Music soft, with wondrous power,
Bursts from every bud and flower,
And the breeze its anthem brings
Laden with all joyous things.

Youthful hearts! so full of glee,
Let your hopes be glad and free;
Here, though woe must damp your joy,
There is bliss without alloy!

Millington, Ct.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Laura Bridgman is a blind girl, who lives at Boston, in America. Poor little girl—quite blind! She has never seen the beautiful sun, nor the sea, nor anything in the world. How then does she know anything about it? Did her kind mother tell her about all? No,—for the girl is deaf, she cannot hear a sound. No word has ever reached her ear. And she is blind and deaf, she is dumb too—deaf, dumb, and blind! And her sense of smell is so imperfect that the sweet scent of flowers gives her no pleasure. Poor Laura Bridgman! did ever any one receive fewer gifts from God than she! And

yet the one sense that she has left her, the sense of feeling, was a precious gift, and that sense was exercised and trained, and she was taught to read from a wooden alphabet, representing pictures of things in the raised wood, which she felt at her fingers' ends, and understood just as you would understand colored pictures when you saw them. Thus Laura Bridgman, though deaf, dumb, and blind, was not left to grow up as one of the lower animals, without feeling, or understanding, or thought. She had a soul within her, and that soul was educated, and she comprehended that it was God who made her, and that he loved her, and took care of her, and made her happy, and her heart loved God, and she was happy in him.

Now, amongst other things that she learned a little time ago by the aid of these wooden pictures, was this: that the poor Irish children were starving; she learned the history of their extreme misery—how they wandered about crying for bread, and at last, weary and heart-broken, lay down to die. The sightless eyes of the blind girl were filled with tears for the Irish children. But what could she do to help them? Perhaps some of my young readers, with all their gifts and abilities, with their clear-sighted eyes, and their quick-hearing ears, and their little talkative tongues, never stop to ask, "What can I do for such poor children?" Perhaps they were asked to help them, and they said, "I cannot do anything. Did Laura Bridgman—blind, deaf, and dumb—say she could not do anything? No, she said, 'I can do something, and I will do it.' And she sat down to work, and day after day, and night after night, she plied her needle, and at last she had finished a beautiful piece of embroidery, which was sold to the merchants, and the money that was paid for it procured a barrel of flour, and the barrel of flour was sent to the starving Irish, as Laura Bridgman's offering to their poverty and woe.

Dear children, how much better off you are than the poor blind girl? How many talents have you received from God? Are you using your five talents as well as she used her solitary one? Never—never turn away from the distress that calls upon you for help. When you are tempted to say, idly and carelessly, "I can do nothing," think of Laura Bridgman and her barrel of flour.—[London Miss. Repos.

LITTLE GEORGE.

'O, mother,' said George, coming in hastily one morning, 'do you remember those black seeds that cousin Willy gave me last fall; I put them into the ground with my finger as he told me, and now they are all finely up. I happened to look there this morning, and my creepers were four or five inches high. Mother, you know they covered cousin's whole window, and now for some cord for them to run upon. You need not put up that pretty white curtain which I saw you making yesterday, for my vine will make it quite shady enough. I will go and tell Thomas to remove the blind which I am afraid will injure it. How happy I shall be when it has grown up.—I can sit in its shade and study my lessons or read to you in the warm days. I shall want you to enjoy it, and sister and father. I hope I shall never be a selfish boy.'

'My dear son,' said his mother, 'I hope you will always be as far from it as you are now, and continue to be as great a comfort to us as you have been. But I am afraid that you have not thought of one thing—that some accident may happen to your vine. We are often disappointed where we were thinking of nothing but pleasure.'

'Mother, how could you think of that?—Do you mean to say that Ben Stevens will come and destroy it? He does not love me, I know, because I told him when he

was stealing fruit from uncle's garden that it was very wicked, and he called me hard names, and said he would remember it as long as he lived. Do you think he will injure it? I wish I could hide it from him. I mean to stay near it all the time.'

'I do not think that any one will intentionally injure it, but I want to have you prepared for all disappointments.'

Here the conversation ended, and George went to his usual tasks. His mother was glad to see her son alive to all the pleasures that this world affords; but she felt how much he had yet to learn. How gladly would that mother have shielded him from all the ills of life, and taken herself all that would ever make him unhappy.—But she knew that it could not be so, and she endeavored to prepare him to act well his own part in life. Not many mornings after this, George came in with a heart ready to burst with grief. 'What is the matter, my son,' said his mother, as she drew him towards her, and wiped away the tears which were fast flowing down his cheeks. 'O mother, I am sorry you said something might happen to my vine, for you always know just what will be. I watered it carefully every day, and killed all the bugs that I found upon it. Oh, what shall I do? I was going to be so happy.' His mother endeavored to soothe him by telling him it was all right, and perhaps he would have something that would give him greater pleasure in the end.

That evening after George had retired, his father and mother sat in the parlor talking over the matter, when his father suggested that a rose bush should be planted in the same place that his creepers had occupied. So the next morning before George had risen, it was accomplished.—He confessed on seeing it that it might be prettier than the vine; 'but you know,' said he, and his eyes filled with tears, 'that I loved that more, because I planted it.'

In due time the bush put forth its leaves and buds, and before George had shown any impatience, it was full of pretty full-blown roses as red as his own cheeks. He soon came to his mother as he usually did with all his joys and sorrows, to tell her how glad he was that his good father had planted the rosebush. 'You and father always know just what will be best, and make me most happy.'

His mother said, 'we always try to do what we think is best; but there is only One who can foresee the future. He knows now, whether our little son will grow up to be a blessing to us and the world, or whether he will be a miserable being like the one your father was reading about the other day, who began to steal little things at first from his playmates, and finally hid in the woods to rob people as they passed by.'—'Mother I do not think I shall be like that man, because you and father teach me so many good things. The clock has struck. It is time for me to go to school.'

"GO WORK." "GO WORK."

A poor miserable fellow walks along the streets and accosts a man passing asking for some money to buy bread for himself, his wife and family.

"Go work," says the man, "you are able-bodied and can obtain employment. Go and do something. How do I know that you are not an impostor?"

"Give me something to do and I will work, yes I will work night and day," but the man passes on and mutters "go work."

He accosts another: "Will you give me work, sir, I am in want, my wife and children are starving. I want work?"

"I have none for you, but go work and earn money. There is enough work for honest men."

The man does work, but he works to defraud his neighbor. He enters his store, and in self-defence murders; then the two who said "go work," "go work," are busy signing and circulating petitions for his pardon.

[Thursday Messenger.]

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol-worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—*Home Journal.*

Original.

COMPASSION.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

Compassion, if properly exerted, is among the most beneficent of human virtues, extending its warm sympathetic hand to the unfortunate of earth. We are required to be fruitful in good works; and do unto others, as we would they should do to us. *We were not made for ourselves alone.* When we become wrapt in the cold mantle of selfish indifference, we are ungrateful to our Heavenly Father, and totally unworthy of the sacred title of a *Christian*! For if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his. Therefore, to remain unmoved, at the distress of a suffering fellow-being, begets at once, a cold, calculating, and selfish spirit, utterly devoid of the beauties and graces of sublime Christianity. As rational, social and moral beings, we have various duties to perform; and our most holy Faith binds us to their performance. On the faithful discharge of those obligations, depend the happiness and peace of ourselves, and the weal of society encircling us. We should improve every day and hour, so that the duties thereof may be performed, and the privileges it presents may be enjoyed. Our lives should be spent in virtuous efforts, in increasing the amount of benevolence, goodness and felicity. And above all things, should we seek out, and aid the worthy suffering—the frail and erring; and have compassion on all the aberrant children of earth. * * * * *

Genius, like the lark is apt to despise its post upon the earth, and waste its time in fluttering and quivering among the clouds; but common sense is the humbler fowl which picks up the barley-corns, and crows and fatens at leisure.

COUNSEL TO BOYS.

Be brisk, energetic, and prompt. The world is full of boys, and men too, who drawl through life, and never decide on any thing for themselves, but just draggle one leg after the other, and let things take their own way. Such people are the dull stuff of the earth. They hardly deserve as much credit as the wooden trees, for the trees do all they can, in merely growing, and bearing only leaves and seeds. But these poor drawling, dragging boys, do not turn their capacities to profit half as far as they might be turned; they are unprofitable, like a rainy day in harvest time.

Now the brisk, energetic boy will be continually awake not merely with his bodily eyes, but with his mind and attention, during the hours of business. After he learns what he has to do, he will take a pride in doing it punctually and well, and would be ashamed to be told what he ought to do without telling. The drawling boy loses in five minutes the most important advice; the prompt, wide awake boy never has to be taught twice, but strains hard to make himself up to the mark, as far as possible, out of his own energies. Third-rate boys are always depending on others; but first rate boys depend upon themselves, and after a little teaching, just enough to show what is to be done, they ask no further favors of anybody. Besides, it is a glorious thing for a boy to get this noble way of self reliance, activity and energy. Such a one is worth a hundred of the poor, draggling creatures, who can hardly wash their own hands without being told each time how it is done. Give me the boy who will do his own work promptly and well, without asking, except once for all, at the beginning, any question; the boy who has his wits about him, is never behind hand, and don't let the grass grow under his heels. —[Casket.]

Agricultural Department.

IMPROVEMENT.

This is a word of very comprehensive signification, and when used in reference to agricultural matters, ought always to be understood in its broadest sense.

Some farmers exhibit a very commendable spirit; endeavor to excel in their calling, and are always anxious to acquire instruction and knowledge; while others manifest the most illiberal spirit; openly decry every movement which does not quadrate precisely with their own views, or which is not strictly consentaneous with the theories and traditionary usages of their predecessors of a darker age. They can, perhaps discourse "eloquently," upon mooted points, of no practical importance, in metaphysics and theology, and often engage in political discussions involving questions too profound for the ablest statesman; but on agriculture, they rarely bestow a thought. They can plough, plant, reap and mow, and this is the extent of their capacity; of the fundamental principles of the science they are as ignorant and uninformed as though such did not exist. Visit their dwellings and you will find them without an agricultural paper; they patronize the party and sectarian publications of the day; drink deeply at the bitter fountains of polemical and political disputation, and are ever ready to enlist their energies in the promotion of any enterprise except that in which they are most nearly interested, and engaged.

It is of little avail to reason or remonstrate with such people. Like Moses Primrose, in the Vicar of Wakefield, they make a poor swap at best, and will find in the end, that they have exchanged for something less valuable than tinsel spectacles, in shagreen cases, that which is virtually of intrinsic value and solid worth.—[Maine Cultivator.]

CONVENTION NOTICES, &c.

UNITED STATES' CONVENTION

The General Convention of Universalists in the United States, will hold its next session in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in October, 1849. The change in the time has been made in compliance with the request of the brethren in Cincinnati, urged on account of the epidemic which has prevailed in that city. It is confidently believed by them that the Cholera will have entirely disappeared from their midst by the 1st of October.

At the last session of this body, Rev. A. A. Miner was appointed to preach the next Occasional Sermon. Dr. H. Ballou, 2d, was appointed a Committee to prepare some general plan for the investigation of charges of improper conduct, whenever made against a clergyman of the order, to report at the next session. It was also voted that the Committee appointed at the session of 1847, to collect facts pertaining to the sessions of the General Convention of the New England States, and others, be continued, to report at the next session. The Committee consists of Revs. T. Whitmore and H. Ballou, 2d.

J. M. AUSTIN, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE AT RUSHVILLE.

The Ontario Association of Universalists will hold a Conference in Rushville, (ten miles south of Canandaigua,) on the first Wednesday and Thursday in October next, 3d and 4th. The Methodists have kindly granted us the use of their meeting house for the occasion.

Mr. Benjamin Perry will direct visitors to places of entertainment. We confidently look for a large meeting. We hope the ministers in this region, and from abroad, will remember us and be present; and laymen a host, friends, and strangers to the "Faith once delivered to the Saints." Awake! O, Zion!

J. R. JOHNSON.

Victor, N. Y., Sept. 3d, 1849.

NOTICE.

The Susquehanna Association of Universalists will hold its next annual session in the village of Montrose, Susquehanna Co. Pa., on Wednesday and Thursday the 3d and 4th days of October next. The Council will convene at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and Divine service will commence at 1-2 past 10 o'clock. All Universalist Societies in the bounds of said Association are requested to see to it that they are duly represented in Council.

E. E. GUILD, Standing Clerk.

NEW JERSEY CONVENTION.

The Convention at Hightstown in Aug 1848 adjourned to meet in June 1849 instead of Aug, as the Constitution formally required. This fact entirely passed from my memory, (having left the Clerk's book at Newark,) and until the latter end of June, I was under the impression that the Convention was to be held in August as usual. On the principle of "better late than never," I published the notice under which the late session was held. I had only time when I discovered the mistake to consult the Newark friends as to when it would suit them to have the meeting, and did not receive their letter in time to appoint it on the week they selected. I extremely regret the mistake, and deem this explanation called for even at this late day.

JAMES GALLAGER.

Easton, Aug. 1849.

NOTICE.

A Conference of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists, will be holden at Holland Patent, (town of Trenton,) on

the first Wednesday and Thursday, (3d and 4th days) of October next. All our ministering brethren of this and of sister Associations, and brethren and sisters generally of our faith, as well as those "of the contrary part," are respectfully invited to be present, and share with us in the joys and benefits of the occasion.

J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

Sept. 3d, 1849.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, credit Mrs. B. A. Blossom, this city, \$2.00 for The Ladies' Repository; also, Mrs. A. Faur, \$2.00, and charge this Office.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Father M. Rayner, will preach at Huntington, L. I., the 1st Sunday in October.

Br. Lyon will preach at Braman's Corners, Schenectady Co., the last Sunday in September, and the first in October, and in Schenectady in the evening of the last Sunday in September.

Br. Moses Ballou, of Bridgeport, will preach at Williamsburgh, to-morrow morning and evening.

Br. Balch's Second Lecture on "Eternal Hell Torments," in reply to Rev. Mr. Schemerhorn, will be given a week from to-morrow evening.

MARRIAGES.

In Brooklyn, on the 11th inst., by Rev. E. M. Johnson. Mr. DAVID K. SEAMAN, to ELIZA T., daughter of Eben Merriam, Esq.

In this city, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. S. Balch, Mr. Isaac Palmer, to Miss Theresa M. Smith.

In Genoa, June 6th, by Rev. J. M. Peebles, Stephen S. Hewitt, M. D., to Miss Maria Avery, daughter of Alfred Avery Esq., all of Genoa Village.

In McLean, by the same, Mr. Wm. Webster, to Miss Ann Stanton, all of McLean.

In McLean, by the same, Mr. J. Wilcox, to Miss Jane Crittendon.

In Certland, by the same, Sept. 5th, Mr. Benoni Bollman, to Miss Flaville Carpenter.

In Port Watson, by the same, on the evening of the same day, Mr. Nathaniel Woodworth, of Lisle, to Miss Clarissa Burdock.

In Lansing, by the same, Sept 13th, Mr. Wm. J. Egbert, to Miss Flaville Bishop, all of Lansing.

New-York Cattle Market...Monday, Sept. 17.

At market, 2,000 Beef Cattle, (all Southern,) 50 Cows and Calves, and 4,700 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—The supplies this week were greater than we have known for several months past. However, in the face of an active demand, the prices keep well up. Sales at \$6 to \$7 50 per 100 lbs. About 200 left over. A lot of 100 head was driven to Boston.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sold at \$20 to \$36a42 50. Unsold 15.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sheep sell at from \$2 75a\$5 50, as in quality. Lambs at from \$1 25,\$2, to \$3 50. Left over 500.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 62a5 75	Beef, mess, per. bbl.,	\$13 50a14 00
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 25a1 30	“ Prime, “	8 94a9 00
“ Western, “	1 10a1 15	Lard, per lb.,	dull 7
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	3 25a3 50	Cheese, “	7
Corn, round, per bush.,	62a63	Buter, Orange Co. dairy,	21
“ mixed, “	60a11	“ Western “	14
“ New Orleans, “	59a—	“ Ohio Common, “	7a11
Rye, “	64a—	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, “	35a40	“ L'pool grd, sack, 102a105	
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	\$10 75	“ “ fine, “	1 11a113
“ Prime, “	8 94a9 00	Wool, pulled and fleece,	26

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	40a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	heavy.
Hops, per lb.,	74a8	Clover “ per lb.,	dull.
Feathers, live American,	35 37	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	8 10	bushel,	no sales.